

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 3.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1844.

[Vol. I. 1844.]



Palmer's Glyphography.

Original Communications.

HERNE CHURCH.

THE gay visitor who repairs in the more genial season of the year to Herne Bay may do well to pay a visit to the remarkable memorial of the piety of former ages, represented above. It will, at all events, furnish an interesting contrast to the modern varieties in the neighbourhood of the Bay. The parish is in the Hundred of Blangate lath of St Augustin, county of Kent, being five miles and three quarters from Canterbury, and contains about 1,700 inhabitants—or at least did so before the adjoining spot was patronized as a fashionable watering-place; since that period, as might be expected, great changes have occurred. These it is not our present object to describe. The church given in the cut, a specimen of the early style of English architecture, with additions made of later and more decorated styles, deserves attention. It is a vicarage in the peculiar jurisdiction and patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A remarkable surmise had been ha-
No. 1199.]

zarded from discoveries made in this vicinity; nothing less than that the Romans were in the habit of exporting crockery ware in vast quantities to Britain. This inference has been drawn from the numerous fragments of Roman earthenware which have, from time to time, been found in the channel near the Bay, the presumption being, that some enterprising merchant from "the Eternal City" had here the misfortune to suffer shipwreck, and lose at once both his vessel and his cargo.

The church of Herne was anciently accounted one of the chapels belonging to Reculver, which was parcel of the possessions of the See of Canterbury. The inconveniences arising from the distances of those chapels from the mother-church, among other reasons, induced Archbishop Winchelsea, in 1296, to institute perpetual vicarages in them.

The whole roof of the church is covered with lead. It is dedicated to St Martin, and is a spacious and handsome building, consisting of three aisles and three chancels, having a well-built square tower at the west end, in which are six bells.

[VOL. XLIV.

The stone font is an octagon, and is known to be of great antiquity. In each compartment is a shield of arms:—1st, the See of Canterbury impaling Arundel; 2nd, arms which time or accident has obliterated; 3rd, France and England; 4th, three crescents within a bordure; 5th, three wings, two and one; 6th, three pelicans, with other heraldic devices.

On the pavement there is a figure of a priest in brass, in memory of John Darley, a former vicar. A number of old tombs will be found within the walls.

THE PRIZE PLAY HUMBAG.

WHEN some of the wisecracks of the daily press took it into their sage heads to imagine it was vastly to Mr Webster's honour that he should have offered to give 500*l.* for a comedy on modern manners, to be ready for acting about this time, it was shown off-hand in the 'Mirror' to be a ridiculous, claptrap humbug. Other persons are now beginning to say the same thing. They want to know when the motley crew—the critico-vagabond parliament, that was to sit in judgment upon this "all-absorbing question," are to meet, and where? No satisfactory answers can be given to these very natural questions. It has been announced by the 'Observer' that no known dramatist of talent is among the candidates. That, perhaps, is not to be regretted, as the door would be opened all the wider for rising unfriended talent, if fair play were to be looked for. But the whole affair was so preposterous from the first, with the jury or committee of authors and critics, and Mr Webster, as the presiding Solomon, to give the casting vote, that few could entertain the thing seriously, more especially those who knew how scurvily authors had been treated at the Haymarket Theatre during his management, to say nothing of the few behind the scenes who had had the advantage of hearing from head quarters that a good play, *i. e.*, a play pronounced to be good, must remain shelved twelve or eighteen months before it could possibly be produced in consequence of existing arrangements.

How the matter will end is a matter of speculation. It is supposed some inexperienced gentlemen have started for the 500*l.* We wish they may get it, but are fearful they have some time to wait, whatever their merit, for the realization of their hopes. If, indeed, an idea should be entertained that two or three overflowing houses would be obtained by acting this prize comedy, it would do something towards encouraging a move, and in that case a brisk patchwork translation of French slang might gain the casting vote, and the umpire sitting alone in his glory, the cloud-compelling

Jupiter, would be content to pay something, unassisted by the counsel of players, as in the ordinary course of business he would have done, without the flashy announcement in which he puffed himself off as the fostering patron of struggling talent.

THE BLUE IMMORTAL STOCKING!

Air—"The Green Immortal Shamrock."

My wife is of the middle size,
Her form, tho' round, is slender;
Her lofty brow and soft blue eyes,
Show feelings high and tender.
But woe is me, the idle jade
(Truth must bid shame defiance)
Hath very little progress made
In scholarship or science!

Her piety, I freely grant,
For I'm not prone to grumble,
Is free from vanity or cant,
Is pure, sincere, and humble;
But if polemics constitute
A part of orthodoxy,
On these, alas! my wife is mute,
I'm forc'd to be her proxy.

In each great character of life,
As mistress, friend, or mother;
But oh! supremely as a wife,
I ne'er knew such another!
In every graceful art she shines,
That e'er her sex was pat in;
But oh! that I should write these lines,
She knows not Greek or Latin.

Withal, if firmness, eloquence,
Or talent is required,
This dunce displays such wit and sense,
You'd swear she was inspired.
Persuasion from her tongue or pen
Flows—certain to entwine us;
And yet I'll take you ten to one,
She ne'er hath seen Longinus.

Of learning fit she hath some share,
Part serious, part amusing;
For little reading with much care,
Informs without confusing;
But though she quotes both verse and prose
With apt discrimination,
I'm very doubtful if she knows
The rules of punctuation.

And now to close this culprit's case,
In spite of all apologies—
My wife, I fear, must hide her face,
If tried on "ics" and "ologies;"
But, not to lengthen her distress,
Though some will deem me mocking,
I vow I love her not the less
Though she wears no blue stocking!

"So then this trial's all in sport,"

Cry some pedantic misses;

"To silence these, in open court,

She must be fined two kisses!"

And now the blues may rail at will,

My wife has my permission

To be a dunce, if she but still

Act right—by intuition.

G. H. C.

The Austrian Army.—In time of peace the Austrian regular army comprehends about 430,000 men.

NECROMANCERS AND JEWS.

(From the 'Life and Times of the Good Lord Cobham'.)

ONE of the exercises of those true to the Holy Catholic Church was, to denounce crimes which in latter years have escaped censure, as conviction has been gained that to perpetrate them by mortal hand is impossible. Four centuries ago our ancestors not only believed in judicial astrology, but witches and necromancers were supposed to infest every country in Europe. These guilty human beings, from the description given of them, seemed almost to possess the might and authority of the Omnipotent, whom they lived but to affront. Their terrific doings are thus set forth by Cornelius Agrippa, as rendered in the translation of San Gent.

NECROMANCERS AND ENCHANTERS.

A people hateful to the Lord,
Welakilde to stain the skie,
Which nought by nature be, and eke,
They can the things on hie
Subvert as starres and powers of things
Which firm and stable are,
For they know how to stare the poles,
And flashing flames sende farre;
They drive the air downe under earth,
And mountaines rent and marre.

It was understood that men possessed of superhuman or infernal powers were numerous, various in those evil doings, and incessantly at work. There were oracles, auspices, augurs, dreamers, and others; some of them maintained that the history of every mortal was written in the stars, and to them was given the knowledge to read it. They sold charms to relieve from sickness, and protect from danger, which were worn about the patient's neck. They were fiercely denounced by the disciples of Wickliffe. Admitting that in some cases they had proved efficacious, they were still condemned, and it was insisted that any relief or benefit required should be asked by the pious believer from God, with the firm conviction that it would be granted if good, and ought in no case to be accepted from the devil, whose devout worshippers the enchanters were affirmed to be.

To these wild and extravagant ideas may in part be referred the dreadful persecutions which the ill-fated Jews were doomed through many centuries to undergo. Their fate was as extraordinary as it was distressing. Good men—sincere Christians, as they professed to be, deriving all their hopes of mercy, happiness, and immortality, from the revered book, which described the Jews as the chosen people of God, sought to honour that God by the most heartless persecution of his favoured race. Secret horrid rites were said to be connected with the exercises enjoined by their faith, which required the blood of a Christian to render them complete. Charges not less formidable than those preferred against the primitive Christians, on ac-

count of their Thyestian feasts, by the orthodox vindicators of the sacred name of Jupiter, were brought with mournful effect against the helpless sons of Abraham. The Jew, it must be owned (such as he had been made by unrelenting cruelty), was necessarily viewed with distaste, and also with suspicion. Poverty seldom renders men amiable, but it often renders them, to common eyes, most odious. Everything was against the poor Hebrew. Denied the privilege of making himself a home in any Christian country, precluded from exercising his industry in common with other men, with little security for his life, and none for his property, he of course became timid, indolent, suspicious, and artful. Obligated to conceal the wealth that he dared not to enjoy, his mean attire and rejected person moved the virulent and scornful Pharisee, the *soi-disant* "follower of the Lamb," to revile the Hebrew, "to spit on his gabardine," and to outrage him on account of his deplorable appearance; and, when beneath his wretched tatters articles of value were found, which he could not hope to retain except by his personal guardianship, the discovery, it was thought, proved him a cheat, and all his nation were branded as fraudulent, proclaimed the possessors of unbounded riches, and subjected to the most intolerable exactions.

It is melancholy to trace the course pursued by men who wished to be distinguished as humble and sincere adorers of the true God. Stern zealots loved to denounce Judaism as a religion of blood. In the Old Testament they read, that what was devoted to the Lord might not be redeemed, but should assuredly be put to death; and this declaration, with respect to animal life, and the severe denunciation against certain conquered idolaters, were regarded as proofs that the Jews held themselves justified in silently murdering all those who were not of their persuasion. That Jephtha, in fulfilment of a rash vow, had, as they assumed, taken his daughter's life, was construed, by the foes of the Hebrews, to afford the clearest, most indisputable evidence that, because one Jew had sacrificed his own child, every living Israelite must deem it virtue to destroy the children of all Christians! It was pretended that the young victims were put to a most cruel death, being actually crucified, in derision of the sufferings of Jesus Christ.

This horrible calumny was sustained by monstrous inventions. The solemn, peaceful, and interesting festival of the Passover, in which gratitude for past mercies, and an affecting appeal to the God of their fathers, craving his future blessing and support—where rational celebration of former release from bondage, and an anxious petition for future restitution to peace and unity, breathed the pure spirit of true devotion, was denounced as sullied

by orgies the most revolting, and instead of the modest repast commemorative of the sacrifice of the Paschal Lamb, a hideous banquet was imagined, and atrociously ascribed to the persecuted race, which, according to the perverted notions of religion, could only be completed and rendered acceptable to the Almighty by the addition of blood drawn from Christian veins.

Such frightful cruelty, it was pretended, was perpetrated in conformity with the ancient Jewish law, and the punishment of it was promoted by bishops, who could not but know that in Scripture the children of Israel were most positively enjoined "to eat no manner of blood," yet the blood they were supposed to crave was asserted to be used for making unleavened bread. The commandment, "Thou shalt do no murder," was as binding on the Jew as on the Christian; but it was supposed the minds of those it was the practice of the age to pursue with such detestable rancour were so perverted that the slaughter of a helpless child would not be regarded as murder. Had this been possible, still there were no grounds for charging the Jews with using the blood, even of an animal, for the purpose described; as in the sacred volume the Eternal himself declares, "Flesh, with the life therein, which is the blood, shall ye not eat. And surely your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man—at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

Than this nothing could be more conclusive. The only ground on which the oppressor might really suspect the Jew of such malevolence grew out of consciousness that it is in human nature for those who are wantonly tortured and oppressed, to thirst for revenge. In the forcible language of the modern vindicator of his brethren, Mr D. Salomons, "The Israelite, degraded because he was oppressed, and despised because he was degraded, the oppressor thought he would not scruple to commit every possible crime. It would indeed seem," as the same writer ingeniously but fairly argues, "as if the turpitude of Judas were alone remembered, while the virtue of the remaining disciples, equally Hebrew with the fallen one, was entirely overlooked."

Improbabilities were not for a moment allowed to have any weight, and the senseless and shocking fables which have been described, wild and extravagant as they were, found general belief. The ferocity and cupidity which invented, were not wanting in cunning to make them pass with the credulous for facts, which it would have been madness to deny, and which it was virtue to believe.

THE CONCORDIUM.

A LECTURE to young men, on chastity, by Sylvester Graham, of New York, has lately been published. It gives some excellent advice to youth. We must, however, decline quoting the reflections, but hasten to a notice appended to it of a new society, "The Concordium," which, it seems, has been established at Ham, in Surrey. Of this little community we are told:—

"They usually rise early, say from four to half-past five o'clock. Bathing and other personal operations occupy till a quarter-past six, when the bell rings for work of all kinds to commence; and each in their respective department work till a quarter before eight, when they prepare for breakfast. This commences at eight o'clock, and consists generally of Scotch oatmeal-porridge, rice, brown wheaten bread, apples, lettuce, and other green food, such as the garden produces at the time. In winter, figs, dates, or raisins are provided, instead of the variety the summer affords. During the breakfast, one of the members reads aloud a portion of some interesting work selected by themselves. A great variety of subjects are thus brought before the consideration of the members, and considerable information is obtained by them. This practice is also observed during both dinner and supper time.

"At a quarter before nine o'clock each one resumes his or her particular employment. The occupations consist chiefly in printing, shoe-making, clothes-making, gardening, baking, washing, and carpentering. These works are generally carried on in small groups of two or three together. By mutual converse during their labours, the time is happily spent, and the tediousness of long monotonous toil obviated. The return of dinner time soon comes round. At a quarter before one, the bell rings to prepare for it; at one o'clock all meet in the dining-room, and partake of a simple repast. This generally consists of rice, or other puddings, potatoes, and other vegetables, as cabbage, beet, parsnips, peas, beans, vegetable marrow, artichokes, apples, pears, &c., according to the season. At two o'clock all return to their occupations. Having been refreshed both mentally and physically, they resume their work with ease and pleasure. At half-past four, eight hours' labour has been performed, and then the bell rings to relinquish the physical exertions of the day; and each member joyfully commences another mode of action. He now goes more immediately into the mental sphere; and each one exercises that branch of instruction to which his taste directs him;—some to a class, some to writing, reading, or music. At six o'clock all partake of the third meal, of bread, rice, fruits, and vegetables, with

clear spring water, the sole beverage of the society. In the summer, supper is generally followed by a walk or recreation in the garden. At other seasons, most evenings are engaged in some way previously arranged,—as on Monday, dancing and music; Tuesday, classes; Wednesday, family meeting, for the arranging of all the business of the society, reading of correspondence, receiving members, appointing officers or leaders of departments, and all other duties of the members, and general business of the society; Friday, conversation, &c. Sunday is chiefly occupied in receiving visitors, and attending lectures given on the premises.

"The time for retiring to rest is from nine to ten o'clock. All sleep upon mattresses, not a feather bed being in the house, as it is considered that lying on feathers is both enervating and unhealthy. The proof of this may be seen by the unwillingness to rise and the lassitude which is felt by persons who are sunk all night in a bed of feathers or down. The animal moisture which is retained in feathers, even though ever so well dried, becomes offensive and unhealthy by being often slept upon. The odour issuing from a newly-opened bed that has been long used, proves how bad a condition it must be to the healthy development of the human frame. They rise early, that their labours may be performed by the natural light of the sun, rather than the artificial light of the candle. This is better for the eyes and for general health. The bright quiet of the morning, interrupted only by the sweet songsters of nature, is most conducive to thought and good feeling.

"The general aspect of their practice may appear to be restrictive and ascetic; but to those accustomed to simple regimen, it is anything but painful—it is most agreeable, healthy, and pleasant. The initiated of any long standing would not exchange it for any of the old habits of society.

"The general reason for their abstinence from the accustomed dietary, and other modes and usages of the world, is, that no divine law may be transgressed by unnecessary cruelty; that the development of the love and wisdom faculties, in connexion with the Universal Spirit, may be uninterrupted; that the life power may not be expended solely upon the physical organs and the enjoyment of the senses."

REFLECTIONS OF A GERMAN LIBERAL.

WE conceal hatred easily, love with more difficulty, indifference with the greatest difficulty of all.

On the stage of the world, destiny is the prompter, who reads the piece in a low

breath, and without emotion, without gesture, without declamation, whether it be a tragedy or a comedy.

Luther knew what he was about when he threw his ink-bottle at the devil's head. There is nothing the devil hates more than ink.

Our times are not favourable to light. We are so constantly snuffing the candles, that people can see nothing.

A constitutional throne is a chair with a back; an absolute throne is a seat without one. If Napoleon had given a charter to France, he would not have fallen from his throne when a vertigo seized him; he would still be Emperor of France.

Moderation, as the word is often used, means something like this—one person wishes for day and another for night; a ministry wishes for a sort of moonlight, to please both parties.

Before the march of a new era, it sends forth men acquainted with its views to procure it accommodations; but instead of receiving these heralds and listening to their counsels, they are denounced as demagogues, seducers, revolutionists, and they are thrown into prison. But Time arrives, with all her suite, and finding nothing prepared, she makes her lodgment as she can, overturning and destroying far more than would otherwise have been required to make room for her.

THE LADRONES AND MALAY PIRATES.

"O, what an enemy is man to man!"

A SERIES of islands are found on the southern coasts of China which have long been infested with a regularly organized body of freebooters, called the Ladrones. To suppress these the supercilious though feeble government of China made repeated efforts, but in vain. The Chinese mariners displayed their joss lights and sounded their gongs, but even these terrible engines of war did not subdue the Ladrones. They fought desperately; when successful treated their prisoners with great cruelty, and when defeated expected to be dealt with accordingly. To ships that would pay for them they sold passes, which saved them from being molested, but all others were exposed to their attacks. Some of their doings were marked by enormous brutality. If the captured ship made a fierce resistance, they would murder some of the crew and subject the rest to cruel tortures. Europeans and persons of distinction were generally detained for ransom, and often very harshly treated during the negotiation; but when a mandarin junk had the misfortune to fall into their fangs, the crew were mostly inhumanly butchered, being nailed to the deck, beaten almost to death with twisted rattans, and then cut to pieces.

Fierce retaliation was to be expected for such atrocities, but Edmund Scott, in his vengeance, so far lost sight of humanity, that, from what he himself writes, admiration is awakened for the suffering Ladrone pirate, and horror inspired for the civilized European commander. The wretched man he deemed it his duty to punish was caught while perpetrating an act of incendiarism. For this he was doomed to a dreadful death. He says:—

"Because of his obstinacy, and that he had set our house on fire, I caused him to be burnt, by means of sharp irons thrust under the nails of his thumbs, fingers, and toes, and the nails to be torn off; and because he never flinched, we thought his hands and feet had been benumbed with tying, wherefore we burnt him in other parts, as the hands, arms, shoulders, and neck, but even this had no effect. We then burnt him quite through the hands, and tore out the flesh and sinews with rasps, causing his shins to be knocked with hot searing irons. I then caused cold iron screws to be screwed into the bones of his arms, and suddenly snatched out, and to break all the bones of his fingers and toes with pincers. Yet, for all this, he never shed a tear, neither once turned his head aside, nor stirred hand or foot; but, when we asked a question, he would put his tongue between his teeth, and strike his chin on his knees to bite it off. After using the utmost extremity of torture in vain, I made him again be laid fast in irons, when the ants, which greatly abound there, got into his wounds and tormented him worse than we had done, as might be seen by his gestures. The king's officers desired me to shoot him to death, which I thought too good a death for such a villain; but as they insisted, we led him out into the fields and made him fast to a stake. The first shot carried away a piece of his arm, bone and all; the next went through his breast near the shoulder, on which he bent down his head and looked at the wound. At the third shot, one of our men used a bullet cut in three pieces, which struck his breast in a triangle, on which he sunk as low as the stake would allow. Finally, between our men and the Hollanders, he was shot almost in pieces."

After this it will not be denied that the palm of fiend-like cruelty was carried by the "gallant officer" who could so write of what he himself had caused to be done.

Among the Malays, or at least favoured by the Malay chiefs, was one daring robber, known by the name of Rajah Ragah, who continued a long career of depredation. This fearless monster, in the year 1813, cut off three English vessels, and killed their captains with his own hand, an achievement of which he delighted to

boast; as well as that he had personally slain twenty-five out of upwards of forty commanders of European vessels which fell into his clutches. Such exploits, together with the seas of blood wantonly shed by his myrmidons, gained him favour among the treacherous Malays. The following anecdote of this desperado was given by Mr Dalton, who resided sometime in the Eastern Archipelago, and visited Pergottaha, the grand focus of piracy:—

"Two British sloops of war scoured the coast; one of which, I believe the 'Elk,' Captain Reynolds, was attacked during the night by Ragah's prow, who unfortunately was not on board at the time. This particular prow, which Ragah personally commanded, and the loss of which he frequently laments, carried eight guns, and was full of his best men. He had himself landed at Pergottaha a few days previously, and sent off the prow with a favourite panglima (or commander) to pick up any small things which might be seen off Point Salatan. An European vessel was faintly descried about three o'clock one foggy morning; the rain fell in torrents,—the time, the weather, were favourable circumstances for a surprise, and the panglima, determined to distinguish himself in the absence of Rajah Ragah, gave directions to close, fire the guns, and board. He was the more confident of success, as the European vessel was observed to keep away out of her course on approaching her. On getting within about a hundred fathoms of the Pariah vessel, as they supposed her to be, they fired their broadside (four guns), gave a loud shout, and with their long oars pulled towards their prey. The sound of a drum beating to quarters no sooner struck the ear of the astonished panglima, than he endeavoured to get away; it was too late,—the ports were opened, and a broadside, accompanied by three British cheers, gave sure indications of their fate. The panglims hailed the English captain, and would fain persuade him that 'it was a mistake.' It was indeed a mistake, and one not to be rectified by any Malayan explanation. The prow was sunk by repeated broadsides, and the commanding officer refusing to pick up any of the people, they were drowned, with the exception of fire, who, after floating four days on some spars, were picked up by a Pergottahan prow, and told the story to Ragah, who swore anew destruction to every European he should henceforward take."

Lady Burdett—This lady, for fifty years the wife of Sir Francis Burdett, died on Friday last. She was the youngest daughter of the late Mr Thomas Coutts, the eminent banker.

THE DESPONDING LOVER TO HIS
HARP.

*Imitated from the French of Louis Elizabeth
De Lavergne, Comte de Tressau.*

HARP thrilling melancholy, always soft!

My hand dare not thy livelier tones invite
To join those airs the happy lover oft
Sings while exulting in his soul's delight.

Those chords which image anguish, groans,
and fears,

In gentle murmurings, pensive, faltering,
slow,

I listen to while my unbidden tears
Claim them as fit associates of their woe.

For ever pining with the self-same thought,
That thought, which utterance never may
obtain,

I listen eagerly with anguish fraught,
Yet soothed by thy expressive, mournful
strain.

Against Love's darts can I myself defend?

She I admire from heaven received the
prize

Of matchless beauty! Dare I then pretend
To woo the glorious favourite of the skies?

Fly far from me, mad, wild, ambitious Hope!
In vain thy hand is prodigal of flowers.

Keep them for others. Give my thoughts
no scope;

In ceaseless sorrow I would pass my hours.

Silence my lowly destiny commands;

I fly, resigning all but deep regret.

'Tis much to suffer thus at Fortune's hands,
But all in vain I labour to forget.

Hope, radiant Hope! before thy joyous
throne

The wretched bow, imploring thee to send

Days of felicity they have not known;

Never for me wilt thou to earth descend.

The eyes of millions by thy hand divine
Are dried, while unabated all my woes.

Ah! since thy favours may no more be mine,
Let Death afford the aching heart repose.

CURIOSITIES EXTRAORDINARY.

SIR W. BRERETON enumerates the following curiosities preserved in the Anatomical Museum at Leyden:—

“An Egyptian king, a blackamoor, who is said to have died three thousand years ago, was embalmed and so preserved from putrefying to this day: his name was Pharaoh, brought hither within this thirty years. Here are the skins of men and women tanned: a man's much thicker and stiffer than a woman's. Here the anatomy of a woman executed for murdering her bastard child, and the child anatomized in her arms. Here we numbered the ribs in two anatomies of a man and a woman, and found eleven ribs in a man's side, and twelve ribs in a woman's side. Here is also an Egyptian king's daughter, a blackamoor, embalmed; the jaw of a whale four or five yards long; the teeth of a whale, near half a yard long one of them, twelve in number, the rest every two less than other; a young whale, cut out of his

dam's belly, which lies below in the cellar, eight yards long. *Fulminis sagitta*, the dart of a thunderbolt, about the length and thickness of your little finger. Here are the anatomies of divers creatures, men, women, and children; bull, horse, stag, water-dog, goat, monkey, ape, baboon, fox, swine, musk-cat, house-cat, which hath fifteen ribs; divers other creatures whose ribs we numbered (as bull, horse, dog) had but twelve; whale had seventeen ribs; greyhound, wolf, bear, swan, eagle, cock, stork, pigeon; the guts and maw of a man thirty-six foot long; head of elephant; two tigers' skins stuffed; an Indian mole stuffed, as big as a cat; turtle shell, two yards every way; crab-fish, with an horn in the forehead about two foot; the body of a West India fowl, *phamycop-taras*, three yards long, the body almost as great as a swan; short wings, red and black, long legs, long neck, crooked bill, feet like a goose; a cancer, East India, with a shell like a broad platter on her back; divers serpents, one great one, three yards long; a very great Roman urn, wherein they put the dust of their great persons dead, when their bodies are burned; a lamp used [to be] placed by the Romans in the sepulchres, which is said to burn perpetually; the proportion of two crocodiles, one four yards long; *caput alces*, two Indian canes, nine yards long, half-yard about; many more rarities which I found in my book, and there pricked, and many more there are which are omitted.”

A greater curiosity than any of these was found near Amsterdam:—

“This woman had twenty-four husbands; six of them drowned, two of them slain. She died about five years ago. She was a man-like woman. Stephen Offwood, our host, hath seen and known the woman; she died in this town. One of her husbands lived with her seven years, and she had divers children. This day, 10 Junii, I walked out of town to the house where she lived, wherein I saw her picture hanged up; her name was Frische Roomer; it is a tapp-house, and herein I drank a can of beer.”

Brutal Folly.—Connected with the belief in witchcraft was the senseless idea that burning alive an animal would release the party suffering from the machinations of a witch or wizard. It may be doubted if the practice has yet wholly ceased, as it was stated within the last ten years (in the ‘Morning Herald,’ in December, 1834), that a gentleman being alarmed by the horrible screams of some animal in extreme pain, upon going to the spot, discovered a man roasting, or burning alive, a young pig; declaring that he had reason to believe that the whole litter was bewitched, and that this was the only way of saving the rest.



Arms. Ar., three lozenges, in fesse gu., between as many cinquefoils, az.; on a canton of the last, three ostrich feathers of the field, issuing through the rim of a royal coronet, or.

Crest. Out of a mural crown, or, charged with two cinquefoils, in fesse, az., a bull's head ppr.

Supporters. On either side a horse, reguardant, ar., their tails flowing between their hind legs, each gorged with a chaplet of oak, ppr.; the dexter charged, on the shoulder, with an escocheon, gu., thereon a plume of feathers, as on the canton in the shield; and sinister with an escocheon, or, charged with a grenade, sa, fired, ppr.

Motto. "Fortes fortuna juvat." "*Fortune favours the brave.*"

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF BLOOMFIELD.

THE noble lord whose heraldic banners appear above is descended from an ancient family in Ireland, maternally from that of Jocelyne, his grandmother, Waller, being sister to Lord Jocelyne. His lordship at an early age entered the artillery, of which he is now colonel. In 1808 he was appointed attendant upon his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, and during the subsequent Regency he filled the offices of Marshal and Chief Equerry to the Prince Regent. In 1815 he received the honour of knighthood, and in 1817, on the resignation of Sir John McMahon, he succeeded that gentleman as Receiver-General of the duchy of Cornwall, and Private Secretary and Keeper of the Privy Purse to the Regent. In September, 1824, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Sweden, and was elevated to the peerage of Ireland May 14, 1825.

His lordship was born April 13, 1762. He is a Lieutenant-General in the army, and Colonel in command of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, G.C.B. and K.G.H. He married, September 7, 1797, Harriet, daughter of Thomas Douglas, of Grantham, in Lincoln, and has issue John Arthur Douglas, born November 12, 1802, and two daughters.

Lord Bloomfield, though more than four score years of age, has continued up to a recent date, if not to the present moment, to attend to his military duties with all the activity and vivacity of a man in the prime of life. On him years have pressed lightly, and it might almost be said that—

"Panting Time toiled after him in vain."

THE IRISH CENSUS IN 1841.

CAPTAIN LANCOM, under whose direction this census has been made, is charged with having fallen into many serious errors. He has, however, not been indolent. Not content with furnishing the ordinary population tables, he submits accounts or estimates of almost everything comprehended in the land; descending so low that we may almost expect to find a return of the number of spiders and flies inhabiting the Emerald Isle. The women, according to this document, are in number 4,155,548, and the number of matrons eight.

There are 1,380 physicians; and, strange to say, only eight coffin makers.

The ministers of justice are 19,483; those who minister to education, 11,381.

There are 8,334,427 head of poultry.

The asses are not forgotten. We find them thus set down:—

Leinster Asses . . .	23,599
Ulster do.	23,970
Munster do.	13,337
Connaught do. . . .	29,409

Total Irish Asses 90,315

On this our contemporary, the 'Athenaeum,' archly remarks:—"The return is not at all incredible; 90,315 is not an eightieth part of the entire population. We are not sure that a census of English, Welsh, and Scotch asses might not exhibit a larger proportional result. The commissioners, with their usual negligence, have omitted to state the average length of ear; nor have they given us any data to show in what part of Ireland the bray is loudest, or where it is most protracted."

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

A FASHIONABLE comedy was produced at Covent Garden Theatre early in the last year. Its success, on the first night, was great, unequivocal, triumphant. In the play-bills it was announced to be performed three times a week till further notice, but it has not yet reached a second representation.

Aggrieved at seeing his play thus crushed, Mr Robert Bell determined on seeking legal redress. A bold man to fly from a theatre to a court of justice—to bring an action, and that, too, against a manager! This was rash, but the result justifies the experiment. Mr Bunn, we understand, has made his peace with the author, agreeing to bear all expenses, and over and above these to pay a sum of money down, and, moreover, to write a letter explaining the circumstances which caused the comedy to be put aside, and which, it is understood, will distinctly prove that it was not from an opinion that it wanted merit, or that it had not gone through the awful ordeal of a first night with great *clat*. A full statement of these facts, among other matters, are likely to appear with a second edition of the play, which is now preparing, and the preface which will accompany it, as Mr Bell, like Mr Bunn, says—

"I am (not) forbid

To tell the secrets of the prison house,"

is expected to have as much interest for play-writers, play-actors, and play-goers, as ever was possessed by the preface to the 'Iron Chest.'

THE BENIGHTED TRAVELLER.

BY MR C. OLLIER.

(From 'Ainsworth's Magazine'.)

A LOVER journeying to his expectant mistress and her friends loses his way. Lights are seen which

"Allure from far; but as he follows, flies;" but when he retreats they pursue. These he finds to be Will-o'-the-wisps. He advances in great uncertainty, not knowing but he is moving from the place he desires to approach.

"After having walked about a mile further he saw something looming in the obscurity, which, on nearing it, proved to be a tree. His eyes by this time were so accustomed to darkness, that objects which would be invisible to one going out of a lighted room were discernible by him; and he soon perceived that he was in a woodland neighbourhood. Other good prognostics were at hand; for shortly a square mass met his sight. 'A house, I'll be sworn!' ejaculated he in delight. 'I'm not deceived this time. Gad, here's the gate! Now, shall I rest against this till day-break, or waken the inmates, and so

have a chance of admission? Necessity has no law. A storm is coming on. I am desperate. Here goes!' And finding the handle of a bell, he rang a long and loud peal, waiting anxiously for the effect of his summons.

"In a short time a lighted candle was seen at one of the windows, which being opened, a man thrust out his head and demanded who was at the gate.

"'I'm a traveller, and have lost my way,' replied Elford.

"'Be off, then, and find it again,' responded the man.

"'I have tried to do so for many hours, and can't succeed. Let me in, I beseech you.'

"'Let you in, indeed!' echoed the man. 'You must think me a fool. Be off, I say; or I'll make you.'

"'Why,' returned Elford, 'do you take me for a thief?'

"'To be sure I do.'

"'Then, my friend, for once you are mistaken. I am a gentleman.'

"'Twont do,' observed the man. 'If you don't tramp, I'll just see, by way of experiment, which is the hardest—the bullets of my blunderbuss or your head.'

"'Fire away, and lose your ammunition,' rejoined Locke. 'This gate is hung to a good square piece of masonry; and with that between you and me you can't hit me, you know. Here I stay.'

"'Well, then, my fine fellow,' pursued the other, 'I've another method of sickening you of disturbing folks at this hour. The mastiff shall be turned loose.'

"'I don't mind about that either,' coolly replied Elford. 'I know a trick or two about dogs. Set the fiercest you have at me, and come out with a lantern to see fair play. If I don't make him run yelping to his kennel in two minutes, give me a taste with your blunderbuss. You'll then have a good aim.'

"'Nonsense!' was the surly response.

"'You see I am resolved,' continued Elford; 'so pray do me the favour to tell your master (if, indeed, you are not that worshipful person himself) that a gentleman solicits the protection of one of his out-houses for a few hours. I am sure that is a modest request.'

"'Go about your business, I tell you,' responded the man, 'and don't alarm the family.'

"'I won't go about my business, for, except to gain shelter in these premises, I have no business just at this moment; and I will alarm the family. A drenching rain is coming on. I am so worn out with fatigue that enough heat is not left in my frame to resist a soaking. You would not, surely, be so unchristian as to deny the shelter of a loft or stable to one under such circumstances.'

"The light disappeared, and Elford

knew not what would ensue. He was determined, nevertheless, not to give up his point. Shortly the man came forward to the iron gate, bearing a lantern, and armed with his blunderbuss.

"Have you brought the dog?" inquired Elford; "if so, I am quite ready."

"No," replied the other. "I don't want any more noise. The family, I hope, are still asleep; and (as their servant) it is my duty to prevent their being frightened. I am now come just to see what you look like, and whether there's any more of you."

"Young Locke advanced close to the bars of the gate to facilitate the man's scrutiny; and the latter having thrown the light full on his face, said quietly, 'There's no harm in you; come in.' The gate was then noiselessly unlocked, the applicant admitted, and the fastenings made good. 'I can't take you into the house,' said the servant; 'but there's plenty of sweet straw in the stable-loft. Follow me.'

"The resting-place was soon gained. 'You're a good fellow; here's something for your trouble,' said Elford, slipping a half-guinea into the servant's hands, who, bidding him good night, descended the ladder. 'Well,' ruminated Locke, 'this is a better termination to my night-adventure than at one time I had reason to expect. Who would think that Elford Locke, a Cambridge collegian, would ever rejoice in a bed over a stable? Droll enough. I have often heard of a lady in the straw, but now I find I was wrong in imagining such a situation to be peculiar to the sex. How it rains! The roof here is weather-tight I suppose. 'Rats and mice, and such small deer' of course. But they won't wake me, I know. What would sweet Edith think if she knew where I was going to sleep to-night?"

"Elford now lay down on the straw, composed his wearied limbs, and murmuring the name of his mistress, was lulled into deep sleep by the plashing of heavy rain on the tiles over his head. In this state of oblivion he remained seven hours, when his humble friend roused him.

"The morning was brilliant after the rain. Merrily did the sun shine in a sky of unclouded blue; and Elford, having appeased his hunger with a biscuit, prepared for a more successful expedition. As he was crossing the lawn under guidance of the servant, in order to make his exit from the premises, one of the parlour windows was suddenly thrown up, and a female voice was heard to exclaim, 'Why, as I live, there is Mr Locke!' Elford turned his head and saw Mrs Lytleton, towards whom rushed two young ladies.

"Elford, Elford!" gasped one of them.

"Edith!" exclaimed our traveller, in amazement.

"Yes," replied she. 'Where have you been? How came you here? Where are you going? Why do you leave our house? Come in, Elford—come in.'

"The explanation that followed may be readily anticipated. Our traveller, after all, had blundered on the right house. Edith was astonished, distressed, delighted, agitated, and laughed through her tears, till there was a fear that her emotion would end in hysterics. Her mother had much ado to calm her. 'To think,' she exclaimed, 'that you should be sleeping in our stable-loft, when a good bed-room awaited you in the house! Your port-manteau has arrived. You will find it under your dressing-table. Stephen, show Mr Locke to his room. Breakfast will be ready directly. Dear Elford is safe. Oh, how happy I am!'"

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The Secretary read a paper last week 'On the means of cleansing daily the carriage and foot-pavements of the metropolis, including about one hundred and seventy parishes, extending over an area of thirteen square miles, or 40,874,200 superficial yards.'—Mr Whitworth's street-sweeping machine, which is now extensively used in Manchester and Chorlton-on-Medlock, and partially used in the city of London, as also in Regent and Oxford streets, was described, and an elevation thereof, and also a large model, were exhibited. The whole extent of carriage-way included in the metropolitan districts proposed to be cleansed daily, embraces an area of 6,246,902 superficial yards, and as one machine is capable of sweeping 19,280 yards in eight hours (say from midnight till eight in the morning), it would require three hundred and twenty-three machines to perform the whole work daily. The price of sweeping and transporting the soil to the depôts, or lay-stalls, would be, on an average, about 1s. 6d. per 1,000 yards swept, so that the daily cost would be 468*l.*, or 170,820*l.* per annum. The ashes from the 65,790 houses in the districts included would realize something like 100,000*l.* a-year; so that the net cost would be reduced to 70,820*l.*, or rather more than 20s. per house. If manual labour were employed to clean the same extent of surface, it would require 3,120 men to do the work daily. The foot-pavements in the same districts extend over 1,041,150 superficial yards, which, at 1s. 3d. per one hundred yards cleansed, would cost annually 33,725*l.*; and taking the whole of the carriage and foot-pavements to be swept daily, the cost per house would, on an average, not exceed 28s. 6d. An experi-

ment is at present being conducted in Regent street, and part of Oxford street, under the direction of the Practical and Scientific Association for the Improvement of Street Paving, Cleansing, &c., for the purpose of ascertaining the cost, not only of cleansing once a day the whole of the carriage-way and foot-pavement, but also of continually keeping the whole surface cleansed, by employing several men to collect the manure as soon as dropped from the cattle. By an experiment made last summer by the same society, it was found, that the sale of the manure nearly compensated for the labour employed. The deposits of manure on the wood-pavement of Oxford street and Regent street, on Saturday, the 6th of January, from seven in the morning till twelve at night, weighed altogether 3 tons, 3 cwts., 2 qrs., and 8 lbs.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—From an account of the island of Hong Kong, furnished by Mr A. R. Johnston, it appears that it is only from four to five miles wide; it is traversed by a range of hills from five hundred to upwards of a thousand feet high—chiefly granitic; the soil is decomposed granite; there is abundance of good water at all times of the year. There are about 1,500 mows of land (of 1,000 square yards each) under cultivation, principally rice. A quantity of fish is also cured at the village of Chik-choo. The animals are deer, armadillo, land tortoise, and snakes, not known to be venomous. The vegetable productions are, mangoes, lichees, lemons, oranges, pears, rice, sweet potatoes, yams, and a small quantity of flax. The climate is not essentially different from that of Macao. The most prevalent diseases are intermittent and remittent fevers, and dysentery is common throughout the year, particularly after sudden changes of weather. The natives suffer from these complaints as well as Europeans.

Reviews.

The Electrical Magazine. No. 3. January, 1844. Conducted by Mr Charles V. Walker. London: Simpkin and Co.; Paris, Baillière.

THIS periodical maintains its reputation; it is early days with it yet, but, if the same spirit of industry which pervades the first three numbers be kept up in those which are to come, we can scarcely doubt of its continuing a favourite with the scientific portion of the community. The present number differs from the others, inasmuch as it must have exacted from the editor no small amount of labour in producing the excellent and very faithful abstracts which it contains, of some of the most important papers on electrical subjects that have appeared during the last few months. He appears to have early

access to the best documents; and he does not sleep upon his privilege. We need not take our readers through the table of contents, as they will find it elsewhere; but we may remind them that the articles are all new and valuable, many involving important theoretical considerations, and others abounding in experimental deductions. We may advise our readers of Mr Grove's recent lectures before the members of the London Institution, 'On the correlation of the physical forces,' the leading ideas of which, novel in their kind, and fertile in matter for reflection, are carefully reported. One of the reviews reminds us of an oversight of our own, in not having heretofore advertised our readers of the publication of the second part of 'Scoresby's Magnetic Investigations;' it appears to contain the results of many years of experiment on practical magnetism. Judging from the present state of things, it would seem that while, on the one hand, electricity is finding its entrance into the arts of life, on the other hand, it is beginning to acquire the aid of pure mathematical formulæ; it is gradually losing the vague terms which have so long confined instead of advancing its study, and is acquiring other and better terms, which have not only an actual representative idea, but also one the value of which can be assigned. Philosophers appear disposed to abandon the idea of electricity being a thing of itself, and to regard it rather as a property of matter. But we must not wander into these speculations; we feel confident that all these advances, in proportion as they approach maturity, will find a place in the pages of the 'Electrical Magazine.'

Young England's Little Library. London: Orr and Co.

THIS is a graceful novelty, prepared for the gratification of the juveniles at the opening of the year 1844. The use made of the phrase, "Young England," is very different from that made of the words "Young France," on the other side of the water. It is not intended to throw young blood into a fever by exciting a thirst for war and conquest; but blameless amusement, and instruction associated with adventures of interest, are offered by the series before us, to which Mary Howitt, Mrs Hall, Mr Albert Smith, Mr C. Clark, Mr Gaspey, Mr F. W. N. Bayley, and other established writers, contribute. They are exceedingly various, presenting in succession humour and sentiment, fairy tales and facts, the wonders of nature, and the curiosities of art; they are finely printed, and, aided by many beautiful illustrations, cannot fail to render the 'Little Library' a great treat to the small readers, for whom it is designed, if it do not awaken

some agreeable reminiscences among "children of a larger growth." We dip into these pretty books hap-hazard for a few specimens. Mary Howitt's 'Picture of the Virgin' is an interesting story. A poor widow had lost her son. A picture of the Virgin, to which the soothing voice of religion had directed her attention, was hung on a tree, where she was accustomed to repair to gaze on it. Her lost child, by the wild vicissitudes of fortune, becomes a powerful baron. He is about to give a noble beech to the poor for fire-wood, when the forest-master suggests that inferior trees would do as well for such a purpose.

"Baron von Wahlheim looked gravely at the forest-master, and said, 'It is not only the bad, and that which we reject, which we should give to the poor, but of the best also; and especially in a time of need. The tree, therefore, belongs to the sister of the sick man, and, more than this, it shall be felled and cut into fire-wood at my cost, and shall be delivered also at the door of the poor people. Lay hand, then, to it instantly, you wood-cutters, before you cleave my wood.'

"He hastened onward in order to spare her thanks. Theodora looked after him, with tears in her eyes, and said, 'God bless the good gentleman!' and then went her way.

"And thus mother and son, who had seen each other in this wood, for the last time, upwards of twenty years ago, and who this moment had again met here without recognising each other, might very well again, and perhaps for ever, have become separated from each other, if the holy providence of God had not ordered it better.

"Two wood-cutters immediately laid the axe to the tree: it fell with a great crash to the earth; and the men cried out in amazement, 'A miracle!—a real miracle!' The tree trunk had broken in the fall, a piece of the bark started off, and the men discovered at once that picture for which Theodora had so long sought in vain. The colours of the lovely picture were as perfectly fresh and lively as ever: and the frame, the gold of which had been tried in the fire, shimmered in the light of the sun, as if the picture had been surrounded with bright rays. The wood-cutters were young men, and knew nothing of the history of the picture. 'It goes beyond our understanding,' said they, 'how that beautiful picture of the Virgin should ever get into the tree! There is something unheard of in it: it is an evident miracle!'

"On the disturbance which the men made, Baron von Wahlheim, who was scarcely two hundred paces distant, came up. He took the picture in his hand and examined it. 'Of a truth,' said he, 'it is very beautiful,—I might almost say a master-piece. The pale, melancholy countenance, and moving glance cast upwards to heaven, are incomparably beautiful; the red dress, and folds of the dark blue mantle, are also excellently painted. Still it is very easy to imagine how it came into the tree. Some pious person has made a hollow in the tree-trunk, and has placed it there. The bark, by degrees, as is usual with

these trees, has again closed over it, and thus the picture has become enclosed in the tree.'

"Suddenly, however, Baron von Wahlheim grew pale, and his hand which held the picture trembled. 'Ah!' said he, 'this is most extraordinary!' He was obliged to seat himself on the trunk of the fallen tree; for he had turned to the back of the picture, and had read these words, 'In the year of our Lord 1632, on the 10th of October, I saw here, under this tree, my only son, Augustus, aged five years and three months, for the last time. God be with him wherever he be, and comfort, as he comforted Mary under the Cross, me, the heart-broken mother, Theodora Sommer.'

"The thought went through him like lightning, 'I was this lost child! Name, year, and day agree exactly! It was my mother who placed this picture here!'

Mr Albert Smith, in 'Jack Holyday,' gives the following notice of the breaking-up from boarding school:—

"At last the happy day did come,
When Master Jack was sent for home;
He'd no great wish to stop:
And Mrs Tingle, over night,
Packed up his books and clothes all right,
With Fenning on the top,
That he at home might study still;
And then she got the doctor's bill,
For half a year's instructive skill,
Items for dancing, gloves, and drill,
Each shoe-string, copy-slip, and quill,
And other things which always fill
A boarding-school account.
And when the carriage came next day,
This time he neither ran away,
Nor kicked their shins, nor roared, nor
cried,
Nor in the copper tried to hide,
But joyfully did mount,
And, bidding all the boys good-bye,
Rode off tow'ards home most joyfully."

Mr Bayley, in his 'Drolleries,' entertains the youngsters with the adventures of an Irishman, who, getting tipsy with a negro, sleeps in his company. While Paddy is unconscious of what passes, his face is blacked with a burnt cork. On the following morning, when he approaches a looking glass, Dennis thus breaks out:—

"'I'd like to see, as I slept in the hay,
Along with that Nigger,
What sort of a figure
I cut to-day.'

"Poor Dennis! he approached the glass:
He little knew what had come to pass;
But soon he saw his error.

His face was black
As chummy's sack,
And he drew back
With terror.

"'Whisht! botheration!—So, I'm in bed,
And that black devil's here in my stead!
Hurroo! Here, landlord, take your change,
Murder! I must go back at onst, d' ye see:
THEY 'VE WOKE THE NIGGER UP, INSTEAD
OF ME!'"

In 'Glory,' the storming of Badajos and the horrors of the French retreat from

Moscow are given, to show the misery which results from avarice of military glory.

"We passed through wide dreary forests. Frequently we saw before us figures seated apparently at their ease, regardless of the falling snow and howling wind. Their indifference was soon explained, for, on coming up to them, we found they had been frozen to death on the spot where they had halted for momentary rest, and everlasting sleep had sealed eyes that only coveted brief repose.

"Those who preserved their arms were hardly more happy than those who lost them. The unrelenting severity of the weather froze our hands to the swords and muskets we carried. In this frightful state we approached the Berezina. Two bridges were thrown over it. A disorderly multitude attempted to pass: the Russian artillery was brought to bear on them, and killed hundreds: the passage was choked. Those whose strength remained, cut their way through their wounded comrades—through screaming women and crying children. Savage selfishness was everywhere exhibited in the most awful forms. A tempest raged; the enemy's guns continued their murderous fire; and, to add to the misery of the scene, the artillery bridge broke down. One and all then attempted to reach the other, and the confusion became even greater than ever. Thousands were precipitated into the river, and there mothers and children, vainly striving against the masses of ice which floated on the Berezina, found, with their husbands and fathers, a common grave.

"I cannot remember all the sickening scenes which shocked the eye in our disastrous progress. Many were crushed to death by the carriages of the artillery, and others, seeing it was in vain to attempt the passage, threw themselves on the ground, to await the arrival of the revengeful foe in despair; while cries of frantic rage and fearful execrations burst from others who vainly endeavoured to struggle with their fate.

"Amidst this dreary chaos, this frightful union of sin and misery, one melancholy incident I recal with pleasure. I have mentioned women and children being present at the passage of the Berezina. How to account for it I scarcely know; but in almost every scene of fearful disorder they are found, as if their attendance was absolutely necessary to complete the horror of the scene. On the troubled bosom of the waters, amidst the masses of ice which floated on the sullen wave, a little boat was seen, in which a female appeared with her two children. The mother feebly strove to direct its course. For a moment she seemed likely to succeed in her design of crossing, when some of the strugglers above fell, if not on it, close to the boat, and in a moment it was upset, and forced under the ice. Sad was the cry of the sinking mother, nor less thrilling the comparatively feeble voices of the children; but it was momentary. Two of the sufferers vanished, and were silent for ever. The third was about to disappear, when an artilleryman who was on the bridge threw him-

self headlong into the stream and saved the little boy, the last of the trio, from instant death. The child, frightened, called wildly for its mother; but she was no more. Then did I hear, in the midst of the deafening uproar, the bluff, sympathising voice of the artilleryman, telling the child 'not to cry for his mother, for in him he should find a father,' and he carried the little fellow off in his arms.

"A noble fellow!" exclaimed father and son together.

"Yes," continued M. Le Blanc, 'here we both recognize what deserves to be regarded as true glory.'

'Curiosities of Art' offer the following pictures of the 'Hanging Gardens of Babylon':—

"These gardens were erected by Nebuchadnezzar for his wife Amytis, daughter of Astyages, king of Media, in order to produce a prospect somewhat resembling the beautiful mountains and woody scenes of her native country. This most remarkable structure occupied a square of four hundred feet on each side, and consisted of large terraces, raised one above another, till they equalled in height the walls of the city; the ascent from terrace to terrace was by means of steps, ten feet wide; and the whole pile was sustained by vast arches, built upon other arches, and strengthened on every side by walls of brick, nearly two feet in thickness. Within these arches were very splendid and spacious apartments, which are described as commanding an extensive and delightful prospect.

"In order to form a proper foundation for supporting the soil, and confining the moisture of the gardens, large flat stones, sixteen feet long and four feet broad, were laid upon the upper arches; over these again were spread, in the first place, layers of reeds, mixed with bitumen, and upon this two rows of brick, closely cemented. The whole was covered with sheet lead, upon which the mould was laid to a sufficient depth for the largest trees to take root. In the upper terrace was a large reservoir, supplied by means of an hydraulic engine from the river, for the purpose of watering all the gardens."

Mrs Hall has two lively performances, 'Number One' and 'Little Chatterbox.' The whole affair is likely to prove a hit.

Life and Times of the Good Lord Cobham.
By Thomas Gaspey, Author of the 'Lollards,' &c. 2 vols. Cunningham.

DR WATTS tells us, in one of his hymns, that

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

and this seems to have been duly borne in mind in the preparing of the book before us. Besides collecting all that is known of Lord Cobham, a multitude of facts are given connected with the habits and opinions of the time in which he lived, so that, in performing his self-imposed task, the

'writer has furnished a new 'Antiquarian Repertory.' The 'Court Journal,' in noticing this work, remarks, "The cause of true religion has too often suffered from the well-meant efforts of its most zealous advocates, and books written with a pious object have been so inartificially contrived, and so made up of dry details, that the serious reader could with difficulty labour through them, while the young and the unreflecting have turned from them with more than cold indifference." These volumes, it is added, "are not of such a character; they embody facts of mighty importance in connexion with the reform commenced by Wickliffe, but with them much amusement is blended."

The courage and determination with which Sir John Oldcastle opposed himself to the tyranny of the corrupt slaves of the Pope must command admiration, but it is here clearly shown that the reform then called for, was by no means confined to matters identified with religion. Grievous abuses, which had nothing to do with the church, but in so far as bishops and other churchmen did not scruple to do a trifle of corruption in all public matters, existed, which called for redress. In every shape and way, the people saw themselves oppressed, and the love of mammon was so strong that in almost every case that excited popular indignation, some, whose attention ought to have been fixed on holier objects, were found deeply implicated. This no doubt was one of the causes of the popularity of "the Good Lord Cobham," and eventually of the Reformation. We have contented ourselves with describing what has been attempted. The 'Naval and Military Gazette,' in an elaborate review of the book, gives the following opinion on the execution:—

"In the second volume of the work we find the clearest and most impressive condensed view of the proceedings of the memorable Council of Constance, and of everything relating to the trial and execution of the great Bohemian Reformer, John Huss, and of his friend, Jerome of Prague, that we have anywhere seen. It is simply, yet powerfully written. To the antiquary, the student of history, the theological inquirer, the investigator of life and manners, this book will prove equally acceptable."

Miscellaneous.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.—One of his tenants, a small farmer, was falling, year after year, into arrears of rent. The Duke rode to the farm, saw that it was rapidly deteriorating, and the man, who was experienced and industrious, totally unable to manage it from poverty. In fact, all that was on the farm was not enough to pay the arrears. "John," said

the Duke, when the farmer came to meet him as he rode up to the house, "I want to look over the farm a little." As they went along, "Really," said he, "everything is in a very bad case. This won't do. I see you are quite under it. All your stock and crops won't pay the rent in arrear. I will tell you what I must do; I must take the farm into my own hands; you shall look after it for me, and I will pay you your wages." Of course there was no saying nay—the poor man bowed assent. Presently there came a reinforcement of stock, then loads of manure; at the proper time, seed, and wood from the plantations for repairing gates and building. The Duke rode over frequently. The man exerted himself, and seemed quite relieved from a load of care by the change. Things assumed a new aspect. The crops and stock flourished; fences and outbuildings were put into good order. In two or three rent days, it was seen by the steward's books that the farm was making its way. The Duke on his next visit said, "Well, John, I think the farm does very well now. We will change again; you shall be tenant once more; as you now have your head fairly above water, I hope you will be enabled to keep it there." The Duke rode off at his usual rapid rate. The man stood in astonishment; but a happy fellow he was when, on applying to the steward, he found that he was actually re-entered as tenant to the farm, just as it stood in its restored condition; I will venture to say, however, that the Duke himself was the happier man of the two.—*W. Howitt*

POPULATION OF SPAIN.—According to the received opinion, Spain, under the Romans, contained 40,000,000 of inhabitants; but, accounting this a most exaggerated statement, let us assume the population to have been only half the estimated amount, or 20,000,000. At the close of the fourteenth century, according to several Spanish writers, the population was as follows, viz:—States of Castille, 11,000,000; states of Aragon, 7,700,000; kingdom of Grenada, 3,000,800; total, 21,700,800. This estimate, like the former, is probably exaggerated; Laborde thinks that the population at the latter period, cannot have exceeded 16,000,000. Under Ferdinand and Isabella, at the end of the fifteenth century, it amounted, according to the same authorities, to upwards of 20,000,000; but a more probable estimate reduces it to 15,000,000. In 1688 it was 10,000,000; in 1700, at the death of Charles II, 8,000,000; in 1715, under Philip V, 6,000,000; in 1768, under Charles III, 9,307,804; in 1787 and 1788, the last year of the reign of Charles III, 10,143,975. By the census, which was taken in the year 1797 and 1798, it appears that the population then exceeded 12,000,000. It follows, therefore,

that from the time of the Romans until the year 1715, the population of Spain had been continually decreasing in the following proportions, viz.—From the time of the Romans until the end of the fourteenth century, a period of about a thousand years, 4,000,000; from the close of the fourteenth century until the end of the fifteenth century, a period of a hundred years, 1,500,000; from the end of the fifteenth century until the year 1688, a period of less than two hundred years, nearly 5,000,000; from the year 1688 to the year 1700, that is, twelve years, 2,000,000; and from the year 1700 to 1715, fifteen years, also 2,000,000. On the other hand, it increased, from the year 1715 to 1768, a space of thirty-three years, 3,307,804; from the year 1768 to 1788, twenty years, 836,171; from the last period to the year 1806, rather more than 2,000,000; making a total increase from 1715 until 1806 of above 6,000,000. In the *Diccionario Geografico* of Minano, the population of Spain in 1826 is estimated at 13,732,172, which would give an increase since 1715, that is, in a hundred and eleven years, of 7,732,172; and even this estimate has been supposed to fall below the truth, although it exceeds that given in the last edition of Antillon. Taking the census of 1826, however, as the closest approximation which has yet been obtained, the population of Spain, compared with its superficial extent, (145,100 square miles), would give about 90½ to the square mile, or little more than half the number upon an equal space in France and England, countries far inferior to Spain in fertility of soil, advantages of climate, and other bounties of nature.

The Gathree.

Pirates in the East.—The pirates on the Coromandel coast and those of Malabar were celebrated for their daring through the 17th century. In 1686 a small vessel of theirs, mounting only eight guns and manned with 300 men, attacked the 'Phoenix,' of 42 guns, commanded by Captain Tyrrel. The assailants quickly discovered their mistake, but escape being impracticable, they fought till their ship sunk under them, and though boats were immediately sent to their rescue, most of them refused quarter, so that only about seventy were taken alive.

The Title of Colonel.—It is not known that there were colonels in the English army earlier than 1598. Anterior to that date it consisted of companies of 100 men each, under a captain, a lieutenant, and an ensign; and the captain seems to have had the appointment of his subaltern officers.

Capital Executions.—Hollinshead tells that in Henry VIII's reign 72,000 cri-

minals suffered the extreme penalty of the law,—nearly 2,000 a year. Sir Thomas More tells that 20 were often hanged on the same gallows at the same time. The average number of executions in Elizabeth's time was 400 annually; and the annual number during the first half of the last century was about 100.

The Old Law of England.—Anciently the criminal in England was punished by horrible mutilations; his hand, his foot, his nose or lips were cut off, his eyes plucked out, his head scalped, or he was branded with a red-hot iron on the forehead, cheek, or arm. The Conqueror would not suffer death to be inflicted for a slight offence; but the mutilated criminal walked about, a standing warning, a living evidence of the "grievous mercy" of the law.

Punishment for Lead Stealing.—By an ordinance of Edward I, any person detected for the third time in stealing lead or silver ore from the Derbyshire mines was to have his hand fastened to a table by a knife driven through it, and there he was to remain in agony, a prisoner, until he freed himself by cutting off his hand.

Inns of Court.—On what pretence is the monopoly of the Inns of Court continued? The public derives no benefit from the perpetuated abuse of these societies. They have no regard to the instruction or discipline of their members; and nobody pretends that they are of service, except as they preserve the gentility of the profession. It is a sort of rank, which men seek after to gain a position above their fellows. But how is it attained? By study? By scholarship? By eating mutton? Not even by that, but by the mere payment of fees.—*Westminster Review.*

Mahomet.—It is recorded that Mahomet disapproved of a priesthood; he wished every Moslem to have a copy of the Koran and be his own priest; but his successors in the Caliphate of Bagdad and on the throne of St Sophia endowed a permanent establishment.

The Last of his Race.—Such is the national prepossession in Turkey, that when the late Sultan attacked the power of the Janissaries, he escaped death through being the last male of his race. The union of the Caliphate with the kingly power was the amulet which preserved him from destruction. The popular belief that the death of the last Caliph would be the knell of the Ottoman empire, emboldened Mahmoud, withered the strength of his foes, and disarmed the assassins; and this alone empowered him, singly and unarmed, to perambulate the streets of the capital when the exasperated Janissaries would have eagerly shed his blood.

The Grand Jury in Ancient Times.—Originally the Grand Jury was merely an

inquest, whose duty it was to find out offences; they were the instruments of accusation, not a shield or protection for the accused. In the words of Lord Somers, "the Grand Jury were the indictors." It seems to be quite clear from a law of Etheldred (L. L. Ethel. c. 5) that a Grand Jury existed among the Saxons, for that law directed that "twelve thanes, with the sheriff at their head, should go and on their oath inquire into all offences, not charging any one falsely, nor wilfully suffering any offender to escape."

Zumalacarrgui.—This celebrated Carlist general was as remarkable for brevity in his correspondence as the Duke of Wellington. In writing to his wife he seldom went to greater length than this:—"I am well; keep your mind at ease. Kiss our dear daughter on each cheek."

The Rapier v. the Sword.—In a set duel between two opponents of high courage and great skill, one armed with a rapier, the other with a sabre, the former will in general first prick his antagonist, but he will be cut down at the same moment; for thrusts, even if mortal, rarely disable at the instant. Of this an instance occurred at Culloden to Lord Robert Ker, whose head was cleft by a Highlander, whom he had pierced through with a spoutoon, which was yet sticking in his breast.

China Clay of Swan River.—In the 'Swan River News,' Mr H. W. Beverley, the architect, calls attention to the china clay found in the Swan River Settlement. He says it is found near the half-way house on the old road from Guildford to York, and may be had apparently in any quantity. It is exceedingly white and pure, and burns to a brilliant white and extreme hardness; it is in fact a near approach to the Kaolin of China, which has never been found out of that country.

The Floral Games.—These celebrated mental exercises were instituted at Toulouse, in the early part of the fourteenth century, in the time of the Troubadours. The prize awarded to the author of the best poetical composition consisted of a golden violet, to which several other prizes were afterwards added by Clémence Isaure. This festival, interrupted by the revolution, was revived in 1806.

Frederick the Great.—The King of Prussia, who acted so grand a part in the affairs of Europe in the last century, wrote a play. It was much applauded, and one of his poetical subjects wrote the following complimentary lines on its success:—

"A monarch to his people dear,
Kindly an opera gives, we hear.
All hands are raised to give it fame;
For, while we envy his great name,
The poet must be happy when
He leads a hundred thousand men."

St George's Fields.—An ancient urn, filled with human bones, was found many years ago, from which some antiquaries drew the inference that that place had once been a Roman station. Dr Gale, however, gave it as his opinion that it had not been a Roman station, but a cemetery, the Romans being expressly forbidden, "by the first in the tenth table" of their laws, to bury in cities, in these words, "Let no person be interred, nor body burnt within the city:" which law it appears they most religiously observed, as their burial grounds were always by the sides of the highways, such as Watling street was in that neighbourhood.

Postilions and their Cattle.—The Prussian postillion rarely converses with his horse, but more rarely uses the whip, except by way of a flourish in *terrorem*. This could hardly be the case in England, where the horses only see straight before them; but in Prussia their eyes are wholly uncovered, and they watch with great interest every motion of their conductor.

"The Young Idea."—Children who are not well treated in their infancy are ill tempered, cross, and vindictive; they seem to wish to make others suffer the same evil they themselves endure. It may be from imitation or impulse, but it cannot be doubted that kindness begets kindness, as hatred begets hatred.—*Mad. B. Riefrey.*

Ion.—The Greek name of the violet is Ion. It is traced by some etymologists to Ia, the daughter of Midas, who was betrothed to Atys, and changed by Diana into a violet, to hide her from Apollo. The beautiful, modest flower still retains the bashful timidity of the nymph, partially concealing itself amidst foliage from the garish gaze of the sun.

Registration of Deaths.—This practice seems to have commenced in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The books of St Olave contain the following entry:—"November, 1578. A new commandment from the Quene and her counsell, to endite the names, the Christian names, the age, and the disease of every person dyeing within the parish."

A Queen's Breakfast.—When Queen Elizabeth visited Cowdray, in Sussex, in 1591, after a flourishing account of the reception of her majesty, in which she was addressed as the "Miracle of Time," "Nature's Glory," "Fortune's Empress," the "World's Wonder!" it is added that on the following day she was "most royallie feasted; the proportion of breakfast was three oxen and one hundred and forty geese!"

LONDON: Published by JOHN MORTIMER, Adelaide Street, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

Printed by C. RETHELL, 16 Little Pulteney street, and at the Royal Polytechnic Institution.